^

Sunday

My old cat has again given birth, the night before last. Four milk-white little ones with tails shaped like cornets. Upon Em/s insistence, I make up my mind to do away with two of them. Old Moune took almost no interest in the two others, which we find this morning, one dead of cold on the dining-room mat, the other still in its basket, but hardly breathing and frigid. I warm and revive it somewhat; but when I try to make it suck a scrap of sponge, it becomes obstructed; little bubbles form at the nostrils; the sides rise four or five more times with great ef-fort; then I have nothing but a rag of flesh in my hands. Moune looks on all this without any emotion; her milk has not risen and this is the secret of her indifference. When the milk rises, maternal love begins.

Nothing yet. I am living in expectation of myself. The Drouins came to lunch, as usual.[8] Went back up to my room immediately after the meal. I am letting my beard grow; that is to say that I have not shaved for the last five days; through a need to feel ugly. Ruyters came in the late afternoon; I hardly enjoyed his visit at all; yet he reveals himself a rather good doctor.

I am continuing *Clayhanger* with a growing interest Wrote my teacher to return; all my hours that I can fill. , . .

The benefit and encouragement I derive from reading the story of the Pope's condemnation of Mgr. Duchesne's *Histoire de Teglise* [9] en-lighten me somewhat on the secret cause of my unhappiness. Variations on the fear of the *Index.*

Monday

That state of equilibrium is attractive only when one is on a tight-rope; seated on the ground, there is nothing

wonderful about it

This, however, checks my restlessness a bit: the memory of having already gone through such periods of *lack of interest.* Probably it is connected with a physiological state; but I cannot succeed in establishing a relationship. . . . To be always oneself, in mediocrity or genius! . . . From me to me what a distance! This is why I never dare plan or promise anything and never achieve anything without using evasions and deceiving myself, through what shilly-shallying! . . .

[8] The last two words appear in English in the text

[9] The monumental *Histowe andmne de FEgfise (Early* History *of Ae Church)*, in three volumes, by Monsignor Louis Duchesne, began to appear in 1907 and by 1911 had reached a fifth edition.